THE APRENTICES ADVICE TO THE XII. BISHOPS

lately accuſed of High Treaſon, by the Honourable Aſſemblies of both Houſes.

With

Our friendly admonition, to take heed how they falſely Accuſe thoſe innocent Worthies in *Parliament*, whoſe lives are more deare to us then all the 25. Prelates, though they were hang'd together.

Printed in the new yeare of the Biſhops feare,
Anno Dom. 1642.

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lately accused of High Treason,

by the Honourable Assemblies of both Houses.

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THE APRENTICES ADVICE TO THE XII. BISHOPS, lately accused of high Treason, by the honourable Assemblies of both HOUSES.

1.

THou, thou wert the cause, proud *Io. Eborac*
Why the fell Courtiers did us hew and hack;
By him on thee our blood aveng'd shall be,
Begining of thy fall, who lets us see.

2.

What thou on us dost charge, (*Thomas Duresme*)
It's true in thee, thou second of that scisme,
Which is so great, that cur'd we shall not see;
Till thou by sword of justice cut off be.

3. 4.

After soules and bodies blood, *Robt Co. Lich.*
You thirsted; and so did you *Ios. Norwich*;

Most pious men were object of your hate,
Your mischiefe *God* turnes on your trayterous pate.

5. 6.

You two *Io. Asaphen, Guil. Ba.* and *Wells*,
In whom a couple of base spirits dwells;
Our muse doth tell you, for your trayterous geer,
You and your brood, are like to pay full deare.

7.

I'th heart o'th Treason, now comes *Geo. Hereford*,
No tongue or pen, his baseneſſe can record.

8.

And next comes he, who will, (who dare, *Rob. Oxon.*
Of their nature bruitish, and) bid A-pox on
All Puritans, i'th *Parliament* and *Citie*,
Thirsting to see their blood, without all pitty.

9.

Ma. Ely doth exceed the rest in Letchery,
Yet doth but equalize them in their treachery:
(For Letchery, Trechery, Popery, Pride,
Our sordid Prelates scorne to be outvi'de.

10. 11. 12.

Godf. Gonc. Jo. Peterburg. Mor. L. Landaff.
You three like drunkards will carouse and quaff;
And in your healths, upon your cursed knee,
Wish the confusion of all *Scots* to see.

Goe

Goe twelve Apoſtates (not Apoſtles) view,
Your Arch *Guil. Cant.* the head o'th damned crew,
Who hath his King, Country, and State betray'd,
And to be hang'd with you, hath ſo long ſtayd.
Now lay your knavish pates i'th Tower together,
And while you have time, do but conſider whether,
It be not beſt your Treaſon to confeſſe,
With all your plots, and acts of wickedneſſe,
That mercy finde with *God*, and man you may;
Before your mouldering corps returne to clay:
Meane while, ſtop your foule mouthes, & do not ly,
Saying for want of you Sects multiply.
Whereas by your curſ'd meanes, they do increaſe,
And will do, (while you live) in every place,
For when in you, poore folk ſuch Treaſon ſpie,
And in your waies ſuch baſeneſſe they do eye,
Alas, (ſay they) Non wiſe will be content,
T'abide under ſuch miſcreants government:
To any Sect we joyned ſure will be,
Before wee'l yeeld to Prelats tyrany.
How is the juſtice of great *Jove* dilated,
And Prelates miſchiefe now retaliated?
The *Scots* by them muſt counted trayters be,
Prelats (not *Scots*) are trayters now we ſee:
Oh height of pride! oh unheard of impudence,
Your King and State, how would you recompence?
Muſt all the Lawes made without you be Null?
Of pride and --- of what not, are you ſo full?

And ſo big ſwolne? that now you needs muſt vent
To blow up by a trick the *Parliament*?
You brats of *Babylon*, muſt you be King?
Made without you, muſt no Lawes be? a thing
The Noble *Peeres* and *Commons* ne'r will brook,
Into your wiles more narrowly they'l look?
You ſpawne of *Rome*, how could you do this evill,
Vnleſſe you acted were, even by the Devill?
Let *Prelates* then by *Prentices* of *London*
Adviſed be, or elſe they are but undone.
Vnfainedly your trayterous deeds repent,
Elſe as your bodies now toth' *Tower* are ſent,
So will your ſoules ere long be ſent to Hell,
With *Iudas*, *Garnet*, *Graunt*, and *Faux* to dwell,
Which ſhall (with all the reſt) tormented be,
In Helliſh woes, to all eternity.
But ſtay, we *Prentices* have one word more,
To charge upon this brood o'th ſcarlet whore;
The limbs of *Antichriſt*, the Sonnes of Hell;
Who do the powder traytors paralell:
Chiefly in this, their damned treachery,
Vpon the Puritans muſt father'd be:
The like do theſe by this their helliſh reach,
The worthies of the *Parliament* t'impeach
With treaſon. Impudent and braſen faces,
How durſt you lay on them ſuch foule diſgraces?
The wretch that ſpake it firſt, did he not feare,
To ſwallow him up quick, the earth would teare.

Peace

Peace chattering Meg-pies, peace, & ceaſe to chatter,
In theſe brave ſpirits lodgeth other matter;
Theſe are bleſt Saints, theſe ſtand for Kingdoms good
In their bleſt veines there runs no trayterous blood;
There doth in their true hearts no treaſon dwell,
To trayters they are like as heaven to hell;
They adventure their lives for us, we ſee,
And (as * wee'ar ſworne) the like for them will we.
Firſt hyems gellid Ice like fire ſhall burne,
And bluſtering *Borias* to due returne,
And mealy ſtones to plumid wings betake,
E're *Treacees* theſe Worthies will forſake.

Finis & Funis.

* In th
teſtation